MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VI. JULY, 1911 No. 5

CONTENTS

Page

Observations and Comments 129
- Wall Street and Mexico
- Magon Again Arrested
- Traitors to Revolutionary Traditions
- Punch and Judy Show
- A Lesson from the Seamen's Strike
- Anti-War Sentiment

Socialist Calumny 135

A Monkey Performance Max Baginsky 139

C. L. James Voltairine de Cleyre 142

A Reminiscence of Charlie James
Honoré J. Jaxon 144

A Letter from the International Bureau ... 147

Voices from Japan
- Toshihiko Sakai 149
- Tokijiro Kato 150

On the Trail Emma Goldman 151

First Anniversary of the Ferrer Association
H. Kelly 157

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CONTENTS

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Vol. VI **JULY, 1911** **No. 5**

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE Morgans and Rothschilds of the world are quite unanimous in their belief that the victory of the political aspirant Madero has put an end to the Mexican revolution. The revolution inspired by the economic awakening of the Mexican people, which therefore goes beyond Diaz the Second, is naturally very hateful to our financiers. This awakening means land and liberty, through expropriation; that is, the people's taking back of the land from the land robbers; a liberty which would inevitably lead to brotherhood, to Communism.

Naturally, plutocracy dreads such a revolution worse than an epidemic. To stop the spread of such a terrible contagion, capitalism borrowed the strong arm of the United States government. That accounts for the American troops at the border; that also accounts for the sudden arrest of the Junta leaders. Ricardo and Enrico Magon, Librado Rivera, Anselmo Figueroa had to be gotten out of the way, since they are the intellectual leaders of the revolution. For years these men have toiled to awaken their people, to arouse them to the terrible exploitation and robbery practiced by the sharks of Wall Street, the human beast that was growing fat on the blood of the Mexican peons.

To awaken the people is indeed a crime. The more so if those people, once awakened, would fight. That is why these brave heroic men were subjected to persecution, to arrest and imprisonment. They are charged with offending against the neutrality laws. What a farce! Washington dispatches troops to the border of Mexico, ready to interfere any moment. Washington permits Mexican troops to pass to Lower

California, across American territory—yet Washington has the impudence to speak of neutrality laws! Surely American soldiers were not at the border for their health. They were there for business, the moment the international speculators, the gentlemen thieves of America, England, Germany, and France, would give the word.

Thieves are known to hold together. The service so obligingly rendered by the United States government was as contemptible and dirty a job as the one done by Bismarck in 1871. The hatred between Germany and France was turned into passionate love, the moment it became necessary to dispose of a common enemy—the people. That's why Prussian soldiers were sent to drown the Commune in the blood of the Communards.

Time was when America represented a haven of rest to all the oppressed of the world. The servility of Washington to Wall Street in the Mexican affair shows conclusively that America is now the haven of international exploitation. Was it not American capital that supported the Tzar, thus aiding him to suppress the revolution in Russia? It is the same power that is now killing the revolution in Mexico.

Taft and his clique broke the neutrality laws. Yet it is not they that are sent to prison, but Magon and his comrades. What a mockery of neutrality! As to the methods that are being used in America to trap a victim, their horrors are well-nigh a commonplace.

For days and weeks the office of *Regeneración,* the organ of the Mexican Liberal Party, was watched, the mail stolen, the printer approached with a heavy bribe to induce him to refuse to print the paper. And when the men were finally arrested, everything was turned topsy-turvy and demolished. In true "free American" vandalism style.

But all in vain. *Regeneración* continues its great work among the Mexican people. It continues to carry the inspiring message of Land and Liberty. Nor has the ardor of the revolutionists been subdued. Fighting goes on! Must go on!

Unfortunately, the workers of America still lack the spirit of solidarity, at least for their Mexican brothers. Else their reply to the brutal interference and persecu-

tion by the American authorities would ere this have been the General Strike or some other great popular protest. The very least the workers should and must do is not to remain indifferent to the tremendous struggle in Mexico, and not to be fooled and hoodwinked by the lying press and stupid, unscrupulous politicians.

The Mexican revolution is an economic and social struggle. It is not merely for the moment, but for all times; not only for the Mexican peon, but for the workers everywhere. That is why the Mexican revolution should receive the moral and financial aid of all true haters of our damnable system, of all lovers of liberty.

* * *

AS we are going to press we received the following telegram:

Ricardo Magon arrested again to-day. Inform radical press and secure all publicity possible. Financial situation desperate. If you can assist do not delay.

* * *

INDEED, we need not be surprised at the indifference of the American labor if we consider the attitude of the Socialist party toward the Mexican revolution. An attitude so cowardly, contemptible and disgusting as to deserve the severest chastisement by the entire international revolutionary proletariat.

Not enough that the party leaders ridicule and slander the rebels of Mexico, but they are actually playing into the hands of capitalism by their treachery to the brave fighters for Mexican liberty. Think of it, the Bergers, Waylands, Ghents, and consorts rendering valuable service to the cheap political aspirant Madero. What bankruptcy of the Socialist party! As if it is not known to every social student that Madero is enacting the rôle of that henchman of the Commune, Thiers. Yet Madero, the henchman of the Mexican revolution, enjoys the co-operation of the party of Eugene Debs.

Lest our readers think we are misrepresenting or exaggerating, we quote from the declaration of Berger issued through his secretary, W. G. Ghent:

Comrade Berger is wasting no sympathy on the "insurrectos" of Lower California. Comrade Berger is a Socialist, and he stands by the principles and traditions of the international Socialist movement. The "insurrectos" are not Socialists, but are, in

the main, opposed to Socialism. Their movement is not predominantly a Mexican movement. It is a movement originating in the United States and its promoters and followers are a mixture of men of every creed except Socialism. Some of them are merely vague utopians. Some of them are so-called "direct actionists." Others are avowedly Anarchists. Still others are revolutionists by temperament and would as readily revolt against a Socialist administration as against a capitalist administration. The Socialist party can afford to have no connection with this movement.

In response to a severe criticism from one in whose veins still flows revolutionary blood, Mr. Ghent has this to say in the New York *Call* of July 5th:

Comrade Roland D. Sawyer seems to me to mistake the Socialist position in regard to revolution and to misunderstand the character of the "insurrection" in Lower California. This "insurrection" was no more a class war than would be an invasion of Comrade Sawyer's front yard by a dozen hoboes intent upon starting a "rough house." The warriors were not Mexicans, and they had no more business across the line than would the hoboes have in Comrade Sawyer's yard. They were not Socialists, but "blanket men," "direct actionists" and Anarchists. Anarchists do not fight the class war in behalf of the workers, and any one who thinks so needs badly to read Plechanoff's little book. Anarchist philosophy is an opposite of Socialist philosophy, and Anarchist activity is directed quite as much against Socialism as against capitalism. Socialists have no more right to support an Anarchist revolt than they have to support a rebellion such as that of the slaveholders of 1861 or of the Magyars in 1848-9. A good deal of sentimental Anarchism is being absorbed at this time by Socialists here and there, and the fact bodes ill for the future. It would seem that this vexing question must some day be fought out all over again.

The above stamps Ghent and his boss not merely as traitors to the international revolutionary movement, but also as rank ignoramuses.

Instead of referring to the Plechanoff pasquil, these disciples of Marx would do better to study the Communist Manifesto. Therein they may find that Socialists of former days, ere they became Congressmen or Secretaries of political bosses, either participated in the revolutions or, at least, decently abstained from blackmailing the heroes of revolutionary epochs. The Paris Commune had the support of all the revolutionary Socialists. The sole exception were the miserable clique of "scientific" Socialists which attempted to supervise, from London, the uprising of 1871, and that failing, did not hesitate to throw mud on the heroic Communards.

History repeats itself. The same wretched political clique, the modern Socialist Scientificos, act in like contemptible manner towards the rebels of Mexico.

But for the I. W. W. boys and the Anarchists who joined the Mexican revolution from its very inception, the revolutionary traditions of the international proletariat would have been shamefully betrayed. It is they to whom credit is due for the wonderful perseverance, in the face of terrible odds, of the Mexican uprising. Should the latter, which is one of the most significant social events since the Paris Commune, be defeated, the responsibility to a large extent will have to be laid at the door of the Socialist party of America and its spokesmen Berger, Ghent, Wayland, et al. They are working with Madero, with Wall Street, and Washington against the Mexican revolution—for political considerations. But they will only gain the contempt and condemnation of the revolutionary element everywhere.

* * *

IF only our law-abiding "radicals" were not so blinded by the superstition of "law and order," they might learn a valuable lesson from the McNamara case. They might realize how far legal methods lead and how much one may hope from them. They would see that the law and its interpreters are mere tools of the moneyed power.

Harrison Grey Otis and William Burns, though not elected to office, represent authority of the most despotic nature. Indeed, they are the State and its complete machinery. The political representatives act merely as their tools or perform Punch and Judy shows to deceive and amuse the people.

Fortunately, these bandits have drawn the lines so tightly that the blindest of the blind are beginning to see the light.

Los Angeles is at present the vital center of America, where law and authority has unmasked and exposed its brazen face in all its hideousness.

The outrageous kidnapping of the McNamaras was enough to inflame the most timid among the workers, but the barbarous inquisitorial methods, the torture of women and innocent children, must teach the toilers

just how much protection they may expect from the government.

With Louis XIV. the American kings say: L'état c'est moi.

* * *

DIRECT action and the General Strike, so much tabooed by Socialist politicians, have been proven through practical experience the most effective weapons of the workers.

The seamen's strike in England again demonstrates the utter helplessness of capitalism in the face of the General Strike. It is to be regretted that many trade-unions are still subject to the authority of their timid leaders who lack the courage to carry the General Strike to its logical conclusion. But one has only to follow the activities of the seamen to realize that the hold of the leaders is very markedly weakening. Through direct action these sturdy workers have wrenched from the enemy more within a few days than their leaders have accomplished in many years of weak-kneed negotiation.

American seamen might profit much by this great moral lesson of their European comrades. The Latin members of the Seamen's Union of New York have evidently grasped the situation. Unfortunately, their proposition of a sympathetic strike was voted down by the wire-pulling of the leaders. The Latin Seamen of America have, indeed, a difficult task. Not only must they labor diligently to organize their own people, but they also have to carry on their active agitation among the American fellow-workers, if the spirit of solidarity and the knowledge of revolutionary warfare are ever to become part of the American labor struggle.

* * *

THE French proletariat is again demonstrating the spirit of solidarity, thereby proving that it is still at the helm of the international social movement. The very moment the war clouds became threatening on account of Morocco, the Confederation du Travail issued a call for a General Strike, in case war should be declared.

The French workers contemplate a monster protest for which they hope to enlist the support of their

Spanish and German comrades, a demonstration against the contemplated wholesale murder of war. Already a peace demonstration has been set for July 23rd, in Berlin.

The Confederation strongly favored that the English trade-unions be asked to participate. Stupidly this was declined by the German labor leaders, for "political reasons." Let us hope these gentlemen will not lose courage at the last moment and thus prevent the demonstration.

SOCIALIST CALUMNY

THE revolutionary movement of every epoch has been full of pronounced differences among the various revolutionary elements.

Such differences are often inevitable and, so far as they are the result of earnest conviction, they are to be welcomed. Honest controversy but tends to strengthen the combatants and help to clarify ideas, both in theory and practice. No matter how great the disagreement, one must respect an honest opponent.

However, the moment the latter leaves the arena of earnest controversy and stoops to calumny and intentional misrepresentation, he stamps himself as a vilifier and a slanderer, deserving the contempt of all fair-minded people.

During the long and bitter struggle between the Socialists and Anarchists, the followers of Marx persistently used every form of vile attack, defamation, and most outrageous insinuation against us. In fact, since the formation of the old *Internationale,* hardly an Anarchist of note escaped that fate.

In recent years it looked as if there was to be a respite for us poor sinners; for it seemed that the younger disciples had realized the meanness and futility of such methods. But no such luck, as our friends will see from the following article, published in the London *Justice* (official Social Democratic organ) of May 13th.

ANARCHIST AGENTS.

An echo of the Houndsditch "battle" was heard in the press at the end of last week, in which the following comes rather near home: "Mr. Plenas, the interpreter, stated that when Peters was detained he said he left 'Fritz' because the latter was

an Anarchist and he himself was a Social-Democrat. Inspector Collinson produced a number of membership cards found on Peters, among them those of the Shoreditch Social-Democratic Working Men's Club and Institute, the Social-Democratic Federation and the Social-Democratic Party (Shoreditch Branch)."

Even Social-Democrats have to be careful what company they keep! Peters showed his wisdom in leaving "Fritz," for there is nothing in common between the Social-Democrat and the Anarchist.

Anarchism is a diseased product of capitalism—individualism gone mad—and the relation (if there is any at all) between Social-Democracy and Anarchism is that of the remedy to the disease. Although we can understand how men can be driven by the tyrannies and injustices of capitalism into political madness so that they "run amok," and although we realize that the sporadic and usually ineffective deeds of violence by Anarchists are mildness itself compared with the shocking outrages of which capitalist "law and order" is continually guilty, nevertheless, Social-Democrats can have no part with anything so insane as Anarchism, "philosophic" or other.

But the fact that there are men and women whose emotional nature is so intense, and whose mental balance is so uncertain, as to lead them to Anarchism provides an opportunity which "law and order" is not slow to take advantage of. There is material here that can be employed in the interests of reaction. Thus it is certain that where there is an Anarchist group there will be an agent provocateur in the midst thereof. It will be noticed, too, that whenever an Anarchist "gang" is rounded up by the police, one or more of the ringleaders always escapes.

The S. D. P. in this country is annoyed, from time to time, by Anarchists getting into the branches and causing confusion until turned out. Our "impossibilist" friends suffer a good deal from this nuisance, and so they become themselves a nuisance to us.

Our comrades in the United States are experiencing the same kind of thing. Thus, the notorious Emma Goldman has been attacking the Socialists of Milwaukee lately. She says they are cheap politicians without any revolutionary purposes—pretty much what our "impossibilists" say of us! Emma Goldman has had a remarkably free run in the United States for a good many years, and some people have wondered how it is that this female firebrand should carry on her propaganda of violence so long and with such impunity. But it is not generally known that Emma Goldman is in the pay of the police, though the fact has leaked out recently. At one time she was employed by Mr. A. E. Olarovsky, of the Russian Secret Police in San Francisco, as an agent and a spy. It is the same, we may be sure, in nine cases out of ten, with those "prominent" Anarchists who only kill people with their mouths, who are never on hand when an outrage occurs, and who manage to escape so mysteriously when their associates are arrested.

Emma Goldman seems to be annoyed that she cannot incite the Socialists of Milwaukee to bomb-throwing. No doubt something of the kind will happen and be charged against the Social-

ists, as this would just suit the capitalists, who are leaving no stone unturned, and will leave no method unused, to destroy Socialism in Milwaukee. But Social-Democrats are not political lunatics, therefore "propaganda by deed" does not appeal to them in Milwaukee or anywhere else. There are other Anarchists of less note whom we could show up in a similar light, but this should be sufficient warning to our comrades to be careful of these people. Verbum sat sapienti—especially to our "impossibilist" friends.

Our English comrades were at first inclined to think that this miserable scribble had escaped the notice of the editor, Mr. Quelch. They sent a protest, demanding proof of the unwarranted accusation. To the amazement of our comrades, Mr. Quelch himself proved to be the writer of the scurrilous attack. He not only refused to retract, but reiterated the charge, calling to aid his "Informant," who had not even the courage to sign his name. Our readers will be interested to read what this worthy Socialist has to say:

ANARCHIST AGENTS.

Dear Comrade:—The information concerning Emma Goldman was conveyed by a definite statement to that effect made in my hearing by Mr. A. E. Olarovsky himself. I am, fraternally,

YOUR INFORMANT.

Think of it! The "emphatic statement" of a Russian police official is considered as "authentic proof" against one long active in the revolutionary movement. The question of interest to all fair-minded men and women will be: How does an English Socialist happen to be so intimate with a Russian police official, that the latter confides in him as to who is in the service of the Russian secret police?

The "Informant" has rendered Mr. Quelch poor service, since even the most fanatical Social Democrat cannot help but see the flimsy, stupid, and venomous spirit that prompted the article of May 13th.

A great many protests have since poured into the office of *Justice*. One of them was sent by the London First of May Conference, to which belong the workers of various trade organizations.

We quote the resolution of the Conference:

"This meeting expresses its opinion that the statement appearing in *Justice* without proof or evidence is unjustifiable, and asks that the evidence should be published."

As a law-abiding British subject, Mr. Quelch must know that England has very rigid laws against libel, which if invoked would soon force him either to give proofs or retract, or else suffer the consequences.

But though the Anarchists may be "lunatics or spies," they are not such servile adherents to the machinery of government to resort to such means to expose the villainy of a Socialist editor.

We mean, however, to cram the lie down the throat of the editor of *Justice,* till he is morally forced to recant. With this purpose in view the following protest from America was forwarded to *Justice* and to our own publications in London. It has already appeared in several Liberal and Socialist papers in this country.

Editor of "JUSTICE,"

London, England.

We note in your issue of May 13th, in an article entitled "Anarchist Agents," the statement:

> "It is not generally known that Emma Goldman is in the pay of the police, though the fact has leaked out recently. At one time she was employed by Mr. A. E. Olarovsky, of the Russian Secret Police, in San Francisco, as an agent and a spy."

We write to protest in the most emphatic manner against this outrageous slander. It passes our comprehension why you should soil your columns by printing such an absolutely unsupported charge against one of the most devoted and beloved representatives of the radical movement in America. Emma Goldman has given the best years of her life to the Anarchist cause. Her integrity is above suspicion. There is not an iota of truth in the charge.

(Signed)

LEONARD D. ABBOTT, Associate Editor, "Current Literature," New York.
H. KELLY, Organizer, Francisco Ferrer Association, New York.
ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Editor, "Mother Earth," New York.
WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING, Author, New York.
HUTCHINS HAPGOOD, Journalist and Author, Spring Lake, N. J.
J. G. PHELPS STOKES, Stamford, Conn.
WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor, "Mirror," St. Louis, Mo.
ALDEN FREEMAN, East Orange, N. J.
BOLTON HALL, Lawyer and Author, New York.
GILBERT E. ROE, Lawyer, New York.
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ROSE PASTOR STOKES, Author, Stamford, Conn.
THEODORE SCHROEDER, Attorney, Free Speech League, New York.
VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, Author and Lecturer, Chicago, Ill.
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EDWIN C. WALKER, Publicist, New York.
DANIEL KIEFER, Cincinnati, Ohio.
ROSE STRUNSKY, Journalist, New York.
I. C. BARROWS, Boston, Mass.
WINIFRED HEATH, Journalist, New York.
J. H. Greer, M. D., Author, Chicago, Ill.
H. SOLOTAROFF, M. D., Journalist and Lecturer, New York.
HULDAH L. POTTER LOOMIS, Author, Chicago, Ill.
E. B. MORTON, Editor, "Freedom," San Francisco, Cal.

Needless to say, we should have preferred not to soil MOTHER EARTH with this miserable business. But to prevent the spread of this outrageous lie, we feel compelled to acquaint our friends with the matter.

A MONKEY PERFORMANCE

By MAX BAGINSKY.

THE shopkeepers of England have crowned a King, the occasion proving rather a profitable business.

The life of the rich international parasites, unproductive of aught but dulness, craves excitement and new sensations. No better opportunity than the spectacular occasion of crowning an empty-headed sovereign, to afford the wealthy a chance for vulgar display of fine clothes, costly jewelry, and so forth.

In the sweat of their brow these American and European parasites have competed to show off the splendor of their toilettes, in the hope of drawing the particular attention of some leading flunkey at the English court. To get as near the throne as possible, to genuflect before majesty in a thousand-dollar gown, and to crawl before the "royal pair,"—that was the apogee of ambition.

Only the very rich achieved this noble aim, for no matter how stupid a King, he realizes that nowadays he must bow before a superior power—that of money. Pierpont Morgan, the most eminent representative of international mass-exploitation, was nearest the throne.

Next, to pay homage to the plutocratic republic, came Brother Taft and Hammond, the two go-betweens of politics and money. Thus this republic was "worthily" represented.

The participating American "ladies" also helped to give adequate expression to " the spirit of the Republic."

Weighted down with a fortune in diamonds and dresses, the poor things groaned, momentarily in danger to break down under the burden of luxury and worshipping stupidity. Martyr, indeed, of a kind; but martyrs that devastate the countries, martyrs of great external luxury—barbarity. One would think they will feel themselves freed, as from the weight of the Alps, when once the revolutionary proletariat begins to dethrone and expropriate the parasites. But these ladies are not fine enough, not artistic enough for it.

At the coronation banquet the guests ate out of gold plates valued at $15,000,000. At the same time the pariahs of London were ransacking the swill barrels to still their gnawing hunger; at the very moment thousands of British subjects were walking the streets, destitute, in tatters. While the wealth and glory of England was being toasted at tables laden with rich viands and costly wines in priceless plate and cut glass, thousands of little children fought in the dirty alleys of the coronation city over a piece of rotten fruit rind. All zones and climes contributed dainty dishes and rare luxuries to the Lucullus gluttony of the coronation, but the number of cases of starvation in London will not be diminished in this year of grace. It usually goes above the hundred mark.

What has really been crowned in London? The swamp, the social swamp! as Nietzsche-Zarathustra expresses it: "Sometimes the throne stands on a swamp, but sometimes the swamp sits also on the throne." The social swamp has been decorated by thrones, altars, chairs of presidents and judges; but the swamp grows wider and wider, it rises higher and higher, and some day it will swamp all the decorations.

More and more the great and mighty of our time are discovered to be internally rotten, their "greatness" an external makeup of colored papier-maché, their "dignity" silk and satin booty. They have, the whole crew of them, but *one* excuse for their continued existence: the

ignorance of the masses, the dumb servility which is the source of all power and wealth of the masters. But this foundation has ceased to be safe. It is already tottering, crumbling, about to fall. Knowledge and daring permeate mankind everywhere, in spite of all difficulties and handicaps. Respect for authority—intended, bought, or stolen—is fast disappearing. The awakened human spirit probes to the very bottom of things. It is no longer content with the political change of masks, as is even now being so heroically demonstrated by the continued revolutionary struggle in Mexico. It is no longer of importance whether it be a monarchical or bourgeois-republican form of government and exploitation. The *conditions* are to be radically transformed, not the mere forms and constitutions which serve but to veil hypocritically the true reality.

The slogan of liberty and well-being has a far different significance to the revolutionist than the mouthings of political demagogues. For the political lie has been exploded, and the realization is gaining ground that no government, however labeled, can guarantee liberty and well-being, but that, on the contrary, government has ever served to strangle, by violence and force, the aspirations of humanity.

Therefore, away with governments and kings in every form! The coronation comedy at London is but the last desperate stand of the old against the rising tide which will some day sweep away every form of authority, royal or otherwise.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

* * *

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

C. L. JAMES

By Voltairine de Cleyre

IT is nearly eighteen years ago, back in the fall of 1893, that for the brief space of half an hour I sat in the company of C. L. James. It happened so: it was the year of the world's fair at Chicago, and everybody with an "ism," orthodox or heterodox, was foregathering with his fellows in belief, in convention assembled. We the Anarchists also wanted a convention, and prepared to hold one; but the Chief of Police, hearing thereof, notified Will Holmes that no convention would be allowed unless his men were present at all our proceedings; as to public meetings, the Chief saw to it that we got no halls.

In this aggravating state of affairs, Honoré J. Jaxon, former secretary of Louis Riel in the uprising of the Northwest, took it into his strategic head to play a trick on the city administration. He had a room in the Chicago *Times Building,* owned by Carter Harrison, then Mayor of Chicago and father of the present Mayor. To this room he invited us to hold our deliberations; and there for ten days we came and went, under the noses of the *Times reporters,* perfectly sure that even if they did suspect who we were, they dared not speak, for fear of the laugh of the six opposition papers would have on the administration.

It was in that room—that quaint, obscure room, with its Indian tepee put up within the walls, and with a bench-seat running round within its octagonal outline, after the manner of an Indian council—that I saw C. L. James the one time in my life. And of that meeting I retain a very clear impression, for though he said almost nothing, his personality was not one easily forgotten. There was nothing imposing in his figure, which was quite ordinary; but his clear, restless dark eyes, set in a skin tinted with morning, glittered intensely upon everything, and compelled notice; one might have thought them coals of life. Although he must then have been not over forty-seven, and looked even younger, his hair was snowy, and fell like a mane; its color had already grown old and died, while yet the luxuriance of youth thickened it.

He did not attend our meetings; had merely come in, in the interim, while most of the comrades were absent; and indeed appeared nervous and anxious to get away. I have always been under the impression that while his spirit was extremely daring, able to seize the uttermost significance of the awakenings of revolt, he personally shrank from the unpleasantness of active struggle with the powers that be.

His disposition seems to have been a naturally retiring one, no doubt accentuated by the long period (almost half a century) spent chiefly in the labors of a devoted scholar in a small western city.

This quiet, rather shrinking habit is difficult for those who knew him through his controversial writings in the *Alarm, Lucifer,* and *Free Society* to realize. For these created a totally different impression. It took a very sturdy opponent not to feel that he had been flattened out under a load of learning, rather arrogantly precipitated upon him. A frequent comment among the readers of these articles was, "James is a walking 'cyclopedia." And such he really was; for it seems that he read everything, and forgot nothing.

Although I personally greatly enjoyed his style, so rich in literary allusion and historic illustration (what wonder! history descended in him so to speak!), I often regretted that these very things made him unintelligible to those whom he would probably have most wished to enlighten; so that they cast aside his work unread, while the main thoughts were the very things they were seeking to know, and would have found, had they been dressed in simpler language.

Among those coruscations of sparks flashed out from his luminous brain, I remember one more far-flashing than all the others: The Monster-Slayer. Old readers of *Free Society* will recollect it. By a singular laugh of the gods this article, which was a sort of commemoration article of Bresci's deed in slaying the king of Italy in July, 1900, a year before, had been delayed in publication till the first of September; on the sixth of September, the "Monster-Slayer" once more fulfilled his immemorial mission. I have never known how Comrade James appreciated this juxtaposition of the judgment of Destiny with his interpretation thereof; but he was certainly

gifted with too keen a power of grasping the coincidences of Mind and Circumstance, not to hear the blow of September 6 like a clapping of ghostly applause; he might have smiled, reading his own article, as though it were the re-evocation of the Monster-Slayer. There was poetry in it.

It is with satisfaction, mixed with keen regret, that I learn his book, "The Vindication of Anarchism," is soon to be published; regret because he did not live to see it, but died "on the eve," so to say; satisfaction, which partakes of a little personal joy, because it was a request of mine which originally prompted the writing of the Vindication.

In the year 1900, I chanced to see in some Socialist paper an outline for a reading course for Socialists laid out by the well-learned Isador Ladoff. Feeling the inadequacy of my own knowledge, and the importance of self-educational work in our own groups as no less than that of public propaganda, my mind seized upon Ladoff's idea, and I turned to Comrade James as being, since the death of Dyer D. Lum, the one most capable of outlining such a course of reading for Anarchists. He promptly acceded to my request, and the outline of the course ran through *Free Society,* and was of much service in directing our reading for a time. The opening lines of the Vindication explain that the book has been developed along the line laid out in those twelve lessons.

I hope that the persevering efforts of Mr. A. Isaak, Jr., as well as the persistently held hope and effort of our long-devoted comrade Natasha Notkin, to put this publication within the reach of those wishing to avail themselves of the great fund of information contained therein, may soon be c[illegible]

his fellow Metis in the far Northwest, against the accumulated tyrannies of the Canadian Parliament. As an outcome of that episode, I had been charged with treason against Her Majesty Queen Victoria, of ever blessed memory; and having had the good fortune to find a scalable place in the wall of the fort in which I had been given an opportunity to repent of my general cussedness, had been rewarded for my agility in seizing the opportunity by being invited to deliver to the citizens of "Eau Claire, Wis.," an address setting forth the true inwardness of the Metis struggle, and the why and how of its relationship to the struggle of the working people of the United States against the uncrowned masters of this alleged republic and "commonwealth."

In view of the very immediate recency of my escape from the jaws of the British Lion, my remarks were very naturally interlarded with attempts to twist the tail of that dignified animal; and when, at the conclusion of the discussion, I beheld approaching the platform a gentleman whose every lineament and pose was that of a typical British aristocrat, my youthful vanity was flattered by the thought that the lion's tail had really got twisted, and that I was in for an encounter with one of its claws!

Under this self-laudatory impression, I, of course, braced myself for the expected onslaught; and it may therefore be imagined with what a corresponding degree of astonishment I found myself listening to a criticism that I had not been quite radical enough! I had come to preach, but waked up to find myself invited to membership in the more outspoken congregation of Rabbi James!

On accepting James' cordial invitation to what proved a very delightful hospitality in his home, I realized, in his breadth of view and readiness of understanding of our economic grievances, a most refreshing compensation for the anti-social disposition which I had of course discovered in the American bourgeoisie, from the moment of my escape into this "land of the free." In contrast with the pious disapproval which these latter gentry had very generally expressed, of a movement which had disregarded sacred "rights of property" created by a "civilized" government for the guidance of a "savage"

people, James went so far as to draw upon his military reading for a remarkably farsighted discussion of the tactics which, in case of a renewal of the Metis struggle, might profitably be employed by a people weak in numbers, but possessing the facility of movement developed by the nomadic life.

To this he added a bird's-eye view of the various phases of the economic struggle in the more sophisticated centres of the Eastern States, and having thus equipped me with an invaluable advance understanding of new struggles into which I was shortly to be plunged, he sped me on my way with a sincere introduction to Albert R. Parsons and other comrades, who were shortly to seal their devotion with their lives.

This visit with James was in January of 1886. In view of the fact that the workingmen's invitation which had led up to the meeting, and the introductions which resulted from it, were the direct outcome of a refusal by the lumber magnates of Eau Claire to allow me the use of a Y. M. C. A. hall controlled by those pious frauds, and in view of the further fact that, as a result of these introductions, I found myself within three months placed in charge of the successful eight-hour fight of the Chicago carpenters, this episode, in its entirety, furnishes one more example of the way in which those who would "add field to field" until they have swallowed the whole earth are constantly driving their victims into that solidarity with each other which will one day prove the undoing of these tyrants.

Only once more did I meet my good old friend James. That was in the Chicago Conference of 1893, when he arranged with me an elaborate, and I fear quite undecipherable, system of cipher correspondence for use in troublous days which he expected soon to come.

He has died in peace, but his life has been a martyrdom to the sincerity of his views. Had he been an intellectual prostitute, his mental gifts and profound learning would have given him a luxurious seat at the "banquet of the rich." He preferred to take his lot "with the wretched and the outcast," and like Agassiz he "had no time to waste in money-making." Yet his life marks an epoch in the fight against that "Movement in favor of Ignorance" of whose wiles he was the most distinguished discoverer.

A LETTER FROM THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU

DEAR COMRADES:

In further reference to your letters—those of Comrades A. Berkman and E. Goldman—*re* an International Conference, most of the answers received by the Bureau expressed themselves antagonistic to a Conference this year, but at the same time advised the Bureau to start again the publication of the *Bulletin,* which they think would be a link between the comrades of different countries. Towards bringing this about, the German Federation has already promised a monthly subscription towards the up-keep of the *Bulletin* and the archives.

The Bureau has therefore decided to once again write to those groups which had adhered to the International and put to them the following queries, to which an answer is earnestly requested:

1. Do you think that at the present time the *Bulletin* would be of any advantage to the propaganda?

2. If yes, under what form would the *Bulletin* be most useful and would best accomplish its rôle of International Organ?

3. Could your organization guarantee a regular report for publication? It would be sufficient to get a detailed report on the state of the Anarchist and labor movement of the country *once* in three months.

4. Could you guarantee a monthly subscription towards the expenses of the *Bulletin?* And if so, how much?

The expenses of the former *Bulletin*—if it be monthly (and including rent, etc.)—amounted to, in round figures, £5 ($25).

This letter is addressed, primarily, to the Mother Earth Group, but if you think that any other organization might be likely to answer to the appeal, please refer the matter to them.

Fraternally yours,
For the Bureau,
A. SCHAPIRO, Secretary.

P. S.—The cowardly and scoundrelly attack of "Justice" on Emma will not, we are sure, do her much harm. These are the last gasps of British Social Democracy

which will soon totally disappear from the horizon of British politics, leaving two diametrically opposed camps —the Labor Party, dining with Kaiser and going to the coronation of King George; and the Anti-Parliamentary Socialists and Anarchists. It is only now that we really feel what could be done with an English weekly! Best greetings to all of you. A. S.

VOICES FROM JAPAN

THE spirit of revolutionary awakening is abroad in Japan. The Mammon of western "civilization" is rousing the proletariat of that country to active participation in the international movement of emancipation.

The following letters, just received from Japan, will prove of interest to our readers:

Tokyo, June 3, 1911.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN, New York.

Dear Friend:—I have just received your registered letter. The Japanese Government is barbarous enough to break secretly the seals of our letters, but it cannot steal the money. Please send us the money. We are in urgent need of it. Twenty or more comrades are still in prison, most of them for life. The families of those martyred comrades are struggling with persecution and poverty. We know that our comrades throughout the world have sympathy with us. Our movement is an international movement, so we are very optimistic, notwithstanding those calamities and hardships. We shall fight evermore. We are very weak for the present, but Japanese proletariat is waking now from its long sleep. You may expect that within ten years there will be a strong and great movement in Japan.

I wish to write very much, but I will not, or cannot, do that for the present.

Dr. Kato is my friend and comrade. You may send the money to me or to him.

I have just returned from a long journey, during which I visited all the families of the executed and imprisoned comrades. When I receive your money I will distribute some of it among the needy families, and

spend some of it for presenting books to the comrades in prison. Books only are permitted to be presented to the prisoners. We cannot write to them. They are permitted to receive letters from their near relatives only.

The Japanese Government is confiscating all the papers and magazines of Socialism or Anarchism, but I often receive MOTHER EARTH from some friend in America.

Yours fraternally,

TOSHIHIKO SAKAI.

Tokyo, June 8, 1911.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

Dear Friend and Comrade:—We have just received your kind letter enclosing a money order for twenty-five dollars.* We thank you and our American Comrades very deeply for their sympathy with our martyrs. We will soon distribute the money among the needy families of those martyrs. And some books will be presented to the prisoners. You may believe that we will spend the money according to your direction.

One of us made a long journey to visit the families of our fallen comrades. The widow of Comrade Niimi is living very lonely with her mother, working as a lute-player for their living. The widow of Comrade Matsuo (who has one daughter and one son) was persuaded to marry the young brother of the deceased. But she is rejecting the plan so artificially devised by the relatives. She will perhaps be sent away from the family. She is very young and beautiful. What will be her fate, we wonder?

The widow of Comrade Morichika is going to a school of needle-work. She wishes to become a teacher for her living. Her only daughter (7 years old) is being brought up by the parents of her late husband.

The widow of Comrade Oishi is living very quietly with her two children. Comrade Oishi having been a doctor, he left some property.

The widow of Comrade Narnishi is keeping a small shop together with her father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Our other seven murdered Comrades neither left

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* I have sent since $100.00 more.—A. B.

widows nor orphans. But some of them left poor old fathers and mothers.

As to the families of the imprisoned Comrades, there are many wives working very hard for their living. Mrs. Komatsu is keeping fowls. Mrs. Takeda is living with her sister (who is a singer), keeping house for the sister. Mrs. Okomoto is working as a factory hand. Mrs. Takagi is being expelled from the Budhist-Temple (Mr. Takagi having been a priest). These are all waiting the return of their husbands, who are imprisoned for life. The case of Mrs. Okabayashi is very tragical. She has been compelled to divorce her husband, much against her will, because her parents forced it. The old father of Mr. Okabayashi is bringing up his grandson, forsaken by the mother.

Many old mothers are weeping for their imprisoned sons, and most of them are struggling hard for a poor sustenance.

There are many other miserable cases which we cannot describe here.

We are very much relieved by your present for helping those widows, mothers, fathers and children. Please send us very soon the money in your hands.

By the way, we sign our two names here because it is all the same to us whether you send the money to one or the other.

Yours fraternally,

TOSHIHIKO SAKAI,
DR. TOKIJIRO KATO.

Address:

Sakai, 6, Minami-Teramachi, Yotsuya, Tokyo.
Kato, 6 Chome, Kobikicho, Kyobashi, Tokyo.

FREE COMMUNISM—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

ON THE TRAIL

AFTER Los Angeles and San Francisco, PORTLAND seemed rather mild in spirit. Yet it is not lack of interest in the vital issues that have turned fair California into a battle ground. It is merely that Oregon climatically and by nature is of more even "temperament."

Portland is not an important industrial center, and though she too has the poor always with her, in appearance at least she looks poised and comfortable. Our meetings were good, regardless of the hot wave that struck the city on our arrival. Perhaps the good Lord wanted to demonstrate just what degree of temperature is awaiting my sinful soul in the hereafter. At any rate, it was real hot, and our hall hotter still. But with all that the attendance did not decrease; on the contrary, the last of the six lectures and the debate with a "brother" Socialist filled the halls to the very limit.

It is really cruelty to animals to debate with some of the western Socialists. They are so hopelessly mediocre, they make the gods weep. But the "fellow-comrade" organizer of the Portland section, a Mr. Ellis, deserves a medal for ignorance and arrogance.

Our dear, faithful comrades—the two ideal Holyworth brothers and Raymond and Agnes Fair—have on this occasion again proven their untiring zeal and devotion in preparing the meetings. For their sake I should have wished the meetings larger. As for myself, I am so fond of dear little Portland and the friends it contains, I rarely feel the lack of great success there. With such staunch champions and friends as C. E. S. Wood, Kathryn Beck, and our own boys, the visit to Portland is always worth while.

SEATTLE has proven that miracles still do happen. The meetings there had been arranged by C. V. Cook in his astral body. Good Cassius himself is in Vancouver. All he could do is to make a special trip to Seattle to secure the hall, order printing, and hang up signs. The rest had to be done by auto-suggestion, since none of our comrades could or would give the work the necessary attention.

A few did help Jennie Lavroff and Sam Hammersmark to distribute some cards, and Edith De Long Jarmuth lined up the adherents of her 18th Century salon. But the day before the first meeting something like 6,000 cards were still awaiting their doom. Poor Benjamin worked like a beaver, but we went to the meeting with trepidation.

Now comes the miracle. The place was jammed, both afternoon and evening; in fact, every evening to the last. What did it? Cassius Cook's magic manipulation with Jesus Christ. Oh, Cassius is a wise guy. He rented a church and placarded the holy building with red letters, "E. G. will speak," etc. The good Christians who passed the church (and there must have been about 50,000 during the two weeks the signs were up) may have mistaken poor E. G. for a revivalist. They came in large numbers and, what is more, they stayed even though they were not asked to repent. That we had to give up this miraculous opportunity when we might have held forth for several weeks, can only be ascribed to the jealousy of God, who could not endure the trick played upon him by Lucifer. Think of it, E. G. in the house of the Lord before an ever-growing mass of his own children. Anyway, blessed be the ingenuity of Cassius Cook! It was hard to leave Seattle, not only because of our tremendous success, but because of the number of friends, and mainly because of Seattle itself. To me it is the most beautiful city in the West, the most chosen mistress of nature.

SPOKANE was dull and hot. Last year the I. W. W. boys gave Spokane color and importance. Now that most of them have gone to Mexico, the city is dead and uninteresting. Our friend Dickinson did his best, no doubt. But with the revolutionary element lacking, the terrific heat, and the poor ventilation of the hall, it was but inevitable that our meetings should be small.

Those who decry the evils of the city should go through the small towns of America. They would soon realize that the city, with all its misery, represents life, motion, change, and interest, as against the lethargy, stagnation and self-sufficiency of the average American town. America as a whole is still very much in a provincial stage, but the mind of her sons of the soil, and even the average town man, is so dull that it surpasses every con-

ception. But with the newspaper, the church, and prohibition as its source of wisdom, one can readily understand why the average American town is still such a Sahara.

However, the desert wanderer is only too often famished. Such a one is our Comrade Otto Weik. For over a year he has been living in the great town of Colville, Wash. But for him that place might never have been on the map. His wonderful zeal and perseverance have not only made it possible to arrange a meeting, but the grind of so many months, the ceaseless agitation he has carried on ever since he came to Colville, has established a footing for Anarchism in that town which is truly remarkable. Otto Weik is a shoemaker, but many a college professor could profit by his knowledge. An ardent reader, he invests half of his earnings in books, not for his own aggrandizement alone, but for every one of the village who wants to read. Indeed his shop is the main college and library of Colville; in fact, of the State of Washington. I am sure he has more vital books than the University of Washington.

Thus the effort of this brave, undaunted worker has helped to dispell a number of spooks in the town and, what is more, he has infused a revolutionary spirit in some of the Socialists there, which is indeed a remarkable feat.

I shall always remember my visit to Colville, the simple hospitality of our Comrade Nellie Langdell, and the devotion of our fine Comrade Otto Weik, not to speak of the others, all so interested and helpful. Last but not least is the owner of the "Debs House," a Socialist and great devotee of his Master Debs, who showed great courage in extending his hospitality to me. I understand he was severely censured by some of his comrades. He certainly deserves credit.

Since the great panorama at BOISE CITY, Idaho, it has been my desire to go there. This trip, neither the distance of 400 miles nor the fact that we had no connection in Boise City, deterred us from carrying out our plans. What are 400 miles to such old hoboes as Ben Reitman and E. G. As to arranging meetings in strange towns, leave that to Benjamin. When I arrived twenty-four hours after my "manager" had reached Boise, I found

everything tip top. Even the difficulty of no admission on Sundays had been overcome. Boise people certainly know how to evade the laws. You simply give every one a piece of literature—an equivalent to admission, see. We had two very good meetings, and left a considerable quantity of pamphlets outside of those given away at the door.

The day after we visited the erstwhile famous Idaho Penitentiary. Famous through Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, now infamous because of Harry Orchard who is, I understand, a model prisoner and very religious. Why not, religion is characteristic of most cringing, servile, treacherous natures. Besides, it pays Harry to be both model and religious. It will win him his freedom in the not too distant future.

Surely there must be something in the inevitability of fate. Harry Orchard, the tool of Pinkertons, the modern Judas of his class, the cowardly yellow dog helping to prepare the trap for his comrades and himself caught in it, as a self-confessed desperado of something like eighteen murders, and the State—much more despicable and criminal than even Harry Orchard. From its viewpoint and that of all statists, Harry Orchard should long ago have faced his maker, as behooves a devoted Christian. Yet not only has the State spared Harry Orchard's life, it would have pardoned him long ago, if it had dared. The irony, the cold-blooded, murderous tendency, the criminal inconsistency of the State.

I thought of this and of the significant similarity in the new blood mania of the State, in Los Angeles. I thought also of the new Judas, or should we say alleged Harry Orchard, and I felt as if some loathsome thing were close to me. I could not breathe the same air with Harry Orchard. For of all the human monstrosities the informer is the most horrible.

A few months ago we visited the Leavenworth prison, the most modern penal institution. It is so modern, so very thorough and exact, that it would meet with the ideal of the most fastidious State Socialist. Not a bit of waste anywhere. The dining hall that seats about 2,500 victims is all of marble. The kitchen and cookery immaculately clean, equipped with all modern labor-saving machinery. The dozen or more shops are by far superior

to the average factory. In short, the Leavenworth prison is the very epitome of centralized effort, scientific discovery, clock-like regularity; Socialism in actual operation, but for the guards and keepers. And yet, and yet, what horror! what soul-destroying horror! I could not help contrasting Leavenworth with the Idaho Penitentiary. Terrible as all prisons necessarily must be, the one in Boise City is actually a relief compared with that huge monster of modernity. The Boise penitentiary was built in '64, and is therefore a rickety thing with miserably small cells and hardly any provision for sanitation. But with all that it has a spark of humanity. The prison wall even does not look so cold and terrible as that in Leavenworth. The ground is covered with flowers, some of the cells even have flower pots and vines, the power of life from plant taking away part of the gray monotony of the hideous place. Except for those who are punished and whom visitors cannot see, the prisoners are out in the open or work with the doors wide open, thus the eyes of the poor victims can at least behold nature's bounty. The most touchingly human sight were prisoners playing with the Warden's children. Surely the sweet presence of a child, the fragrance of flowers, and the absence of guns and clubs must need have a better effect on the human soul. Then the cold and chilly institutionalism which is so complicated and centralized, that it necessitates a perfect herd of supervisors and keepers, parasites who thrive on the backs of humanity. Let no one think I plead for prisons. Indeed society, even as it is to-day, would be safer with every prison-door open. I merely plead for the human side which must die under institutionalism, but which may, though in a slight degree, assert itself under simplified conditions.

DENVER once more on our return trip. Three meetings and a debate. We might have spared ourselves the former. The latter was worth while, not so much because of the number attending the debate, but because for the first time it was my good fortune to meet a Socialist opponent whose character and viewpoint far exceeds party lines. Dr. Ward is the man who started the Modern School in Denver. A lovable and broad-minded man. I am therefore glad of the opportunity to have met him in debate. But as usual with the Socialists who have grown

away from the narrow bigotted lines of their party, Dr. Ward, too, is an Anarchist by nature and intellect, though still a Socialist by habit. The alarm expressed by the servants of the Socialist political bosses, like Mr. Ghent, secretary of Congressman Berger, that there is already too much hobnobbing with Anarchists among Socialists, is not without ground. It is that which will split the Socialist party in twain in the near future. We Anarchists take no credit for that, because we know that despotism creates rebellion. The success of the Denver debate is due to Dr. Ward himself and Julie May Courtney. Both worked very hard and faithfully. Besides that, dear Julie May made it possible for me to enjoy the most restful and comfortable week I have ever had in Denver. With rare tact and understanding she turned over her little apartment to me, which was a treat and joy to a tired traveler.

The ship is swift, the day is done, the Trail is at an end. It was the hardest and most difficult Trail, yet most interesting, full of a thousand intensely valuable experiences. In six months we visited 18 States and 50 cities, exploring a great deal of new territory. During that time we held 150 meetings and debates, and as we traveled about 10,000 miles, we had but few free evenings.

The most remarkable event of this tour was—but few police interferences. An attempt was made by the authorities of Columbus and Indianapolis, but was frustrated by an energetic campaign for free speech. In Staunton, Ill., the meetings were stopped. But I spoke nevertheless.

As usual, Ben Reitman outdid himself in the sale of literature, disposing of about 1,200 copies of "Anarchism and other Essays," and of quite a number of "Conquest of Bread," "Memoirs," "Mutual Aid," "Property," by Proudhon, and Elzbacher's "Anarchism." Besides that, about 6,000 pamphlets were left in the various cities. Lest anyone doubt the usefulness of our meetings, the circulation of such quantities of reading matter must speak for itself. But oral propaganda, too, can not be overlooked. The pity is we have so few who can give their time and ability to this line of agitation.

I hope I am not vain when I say I was never so happy as on this trip, that I could speak. It gave me opportunity to raise my voice in behalf of not only a great and sublime future, but of things so important right now.

I could speak in behalf of the awakened revolutionary consciousness in Japan; in behalf of the great human indignity of Mexico. My appearance was not in vain, the workers everywhere contributing to the needs of their brothers in the East, as well as for their comrades across the border line. I was also able to register my protest against the conspiracy of money against labor. And lastly, new ground, new friends, and new experiences were among the important results of this great tour. But if I could do all that, it is not so much because I am the propagandist, but because I had Ben Reitman to do the drudge work, to prepare the meetings, to look after every detail, to be the real moving, tireless, perseverant spirit that would shrink before no difficulty, nor shirk the hardest responsibilities. In justice to truth I must give credit where it belongs, though it seems personal.

The comrades, too, were helpful and kind, which proved an inspiration in trying moments. Nor must I forget Mickie who, while making his way to the Coast, was untiring and devoted in his assistance at meetings.

The ship is swift, the day is done, but the Trail goes on forever.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

* * *

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FRANCISCO FERRER ASSOCIATION

By H. KELLY.

THE spirit of the martyred Ferrer was abroad on the night of June 30th at the first Anniversary Dinner given by the Francisco Ferrer Association, on which occasion 163 friends gathered to do him honor and further the cause for which he died. Starting a year ago with twenty-two members and an uncertain future, the Association has drawn to itself seemingly irreconcilable elements, triumphed over innumerable obstacles, and shown a healthy growth. Like all such attempts, it has been laughed at by those who profess sympathy with similar ideas, and subjected to misrepresentation and ridicule by those opposed. That it has overcome these obstacles as far as it has, shows a deep and sincere interest in its aims and principles by a large number of thinking people.

Leonard Abbott, president of the association, gave a brief review of the year's work, and spoke of the many incidents crowded in its short career. Emma Goldman, fresh from a six months' tour, spoke of the great interest the association had awakened throughout the country; an interest shared by teachers and educators as well as the people at large. She had numerous requests for text-books from persons engaged in educational work, and she strongly urged that some be written and printed at the earliest possible moment as a guide to those who, while in sympathy with the general aim of the Modern School, are unable to apply its principles for lack of training. The text-books would serve, at the same time, to bind the association more closely with other efforts at libertarian education which are being made throughout the country.

Short addresses were made by Henrietta Rodman, Alexander Berkman, Moses Oppenheimer, Dr. Cecile Greil, H. Havel, Grace Potter, Eugene Smith, and Amy Mali Hicks. Harry Kelly acted as chairman. Forced speeches by those who have nothing to say, a common fault at gatherings of this kind, were happily absent, and those who participated in the speaking did so with sympathy and understanding.

Reference was made by the Chairman and Moses Oppenheimer to the recent attack upon Emma Goldman in the London *Justice*. The former spoke as a friend and comrade of seventeen years' standing in the movement, and indulged in a few reminiscences of a personal nature. Personal tributes are uncommon in the radical movement, but he owed it to himself as a friend and co-worker with E. G. for so many years, to offer this slight tribute to her as a poor expression of his attachment. However weak, it was in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, considering the fact that it was Emma Goldman who vitalized the association, and that it was mainly through her efforts that the Ferrer Center in New York was opened last January. Moses Oppenheimer also alluded to the attack, and speaking as a Socialist strongly denounced it. Like the chairman, he had known Emma Goldman for many years, more in fact than he cared to remember. Never in all that time had he known her to waver or hesitate in her devotion and zeal to the

oppressed of mankind. He assured his hearers that such attacks were the lot of all revolutionists who *do* things instead of sitting aloof and sneering at them, and that he had recently a similar experience, notwithstanding his many years' service in the Socialist movement. Referring to the aims of the F. F. A. he, as a Socialist, naturally differed on some points, but on the whole he agreed with it, and any movement having for its object the enlightenment and freeing of man, had his hearty sympathy and support.

To those inclined to treat the Ferrer Association, or movement, as a thing unworthy of serious attention, the Anniversary Dinner must come as a surprise. It is always difficult, in a sense well-nigh impossible, to create a state or institution within another when the aims are hostile to each other. Our system of education is bourgeois, and education is treated as a means to "get on" at the expense of others. Knowledge for its own sake, or the attainment thereof, is not encouraged. Statesmen, clergymen, writers, thinkers and doers of all kinds are held up to our youth as examples to be emulated, not because of the good they have conferred upon humanity, or the joy in doing, but because of the remuneration society has voted them. The Modern School opposes such a spirit as both false and pernicious, and this note was sounded from first to last at the dinner. It is seldom such a gathering touches the high mark reached on this occasion. Serious without being dull, the men and women there were harbingers of a new time and showed not only a deep sympathy for the cause of the Modern School, but a real understanding of its principles.

Announcement was made that a friend who preferred to remain incognito, for the present, had pledged $2,500 toward the establishment of a Day School for children, and that $700 more had been assured in amounts ranging from $25 to $200. A collection was taken at the dinner which netted $77.45, and pledges of $123 more were made. One hundred dollars of the latter was given by Emma Goldman, on behalf of the *Mother Earth Publishing Association,* making $3,400 in all. A letter was read from Bayard Boyesen, who will have charge of the School, regretting his absence from the dinner,

and assuring the friends present of his hearty co-operation with them.

The gathering was inspiriting and worth while. Those unable to be present have my sympathy.

Now is the time, and the opportunity, for every friend of libertarian education to do his share toward making the first Modern Day School in America a reality. It is the present intention of the association to open the school in the fall. A minimum fund of $5,000 is necessary for the purpose. Donations and pledges should be addressed to the organization F. F. A., No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

I WELCOME DISORDER. By Joseph A. Labadie. Detroit.
JESUS WAS AN ANARCHIST. By Elbert Hubbard. The Labadie Shop, Detroit.
THE SPHINX CATECHISM. By Henry Rawie. Geo. W. King Print. Co., Baltimore.
AUFRUF ZUM SOCIALISMUS. By Gustav Landauer, Berlin.
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. By Upton Sinclair. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.
SOCIALISM THE ANTICHRIST. By Isador Ladoff. Library of the Bund der Freien Gemeinden & Freidenker-Vereine von Nord-Amerika.

THE INTERNATIONAL

Editor: B. RUSSELL HERTS

is the only high-class magazine published in the United States that undertakes to interpret to Western Civilization through the medium of first-rate translations of such writers as: **Andreyev, Hauptmann,** Sudermann, Tchekhov, Brieux, Schnitzler, and others of like standing.

As for home talent, we have on our staff of contributors: **Edwin Markham, Reginald Wright Kauffman, G. S. Viereck and Richard Le Gallienne.**

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